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**Last Illness of Rachel Batts. 1831**

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**A SHORT ACCOUNT**  
**OF THE LAST**  
**ILLNESS AND DEATH**  
**OF**  
**RACHEL BETTS.**

**TO WHICH ~~ARE~~ ADDED,**  
**SOME EXTRACTS FROM HER LETTERS,**  
**AND**  
**FROM A DIARY,**  
**FOUND AFTER HER DECEASE.**

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“ Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth him out of them all.”—Ps. xxxiv. 19.

“ Therefore being justified by faith we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ.”—Rom. v. 1.

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**LONDON:**  
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## INTRODUCTION.

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IN presenting to the Public a Biographical Sketch of an individual; I have long been decided in the opinion, that unless the subjects constituting it are of such a nature as to be worthy of the application, "He or she being dead yet speaketh," it is in vain to suppose that an Introduction or Preface would, by any effort, prove sufficient to give a lustre thereto. Being, however, convinced, that the following account is of itself so replete with Gospel truth, sound doctrine, and Christian experience, as to require but little recommendation, I am encouraged to accept the request made of offering a few introductory remarks. I became more immediately interested and acquainted with the subject of the following Memoir at the time her mind was under gracious visitation; our intimacy continued, and, I trust, increased to our mutual comfort, to a late period of her life; and I may acknowledge, that the long acquaintance which I had with her, (being a distant relative,) and the many opportunities of not only watching her pious and exemplary



conduct, but having frequently had the privilege of holding sweet counsel with her, render this little labour of love a truly interesting duty ; hoping, at the same time, the development may prove, through the divine blessing, encouraging and instructive to some, especially to those under religious impressions, it being calculated to show the necessity of bearing the cross, by “ walking in the strait and narrow way which leadeth unto life,” and teaching the danger of resting in any thing short of the justifying righteousness of Christ, “ in whom alone we have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace.”

P. T.

M E M O I R  
OF  
RACHEL BETTS.

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RACHEL BETTS, the subject of the following Memoir, was the daughter of Benjamin and Sarah Betts, of London.

At the early age of five years she lost her father, and was brought up under the watchful care of a tender and affectionate mother. She was of an amiable and lively disposition. In speaking of the days of her childhood, she said, when about eight years of age, being in the country, and walking out alone, her spirits at the time rather low, an indescribable feeling of happiness overspread her mind; the comfort which she experienced from this manifestation of divine love, and to which the language of Scripture may be said to apply, "the wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth," was so secretly esteemed in her youthful

mind, that she said she had frequently sought after the same feeling, but, with one exception, did not remember to have been made a partaker of the like favor for some years; yet it was evident that her mind was, at times, seriously impressed, as she was frequently observed to shed tears in our religious meetings, even when held in silence. Although our dear sister does not appear to have left any remarks, in writing, in allusion to her very early days, yet, long before her first memorandum here inserted, she evinced, in her general character, that the work of Divine grace was progressively preparing her soul for farther and deeper experience in the Christian warfare.

Until about the spring of the year 1826, her health was generally good, with the exception of occasional severe bilious attacks, and no apprehension was entertained of the disease which ultimately proved fatal. At the time alluded to, she was seized with a violent pain in the chest; medical advice was resorted to; the complaint was supposed to be rheumatism, and treated as such. As the summer advanced she appeared better, though the exertion of walking caused at times a difficulty of breathing, which greatly affected her. She passed a short time in the country, from which excursion she seemed to derive benefit. The earnestness and piety of the dear deceased will appear strikingly conspicuous, when the reader is informed that she had been in the practice, for a considerable time, of rising as early as about five o'clock in the morning, even during the winter season, for the express purpose of embracing the

opportunity for private retirement, which she spent in reading, meditation, and prayer. In the summer of 1827 she went to Hastings, which visit, she frequently mentioned, afforded her both pleasure and satisfaction. Her sympathetic feelings and pious concern were called into exercise on behalf of the poor and others ; she took much interest in visiting the workhouse, and in distributing tracts, in company with a valuable friend, who is since deceased, and with whom she felt much sympathy, under a long and painful illness. Here she tried the effect of the warm-bath, which proving too debilitating, recourse was afterwards had to the cold ; this appeared to suit her, and she was generally able to accompany her friends in the long rambles to which the beauties of the surrounding scenery invited. The ensuing spring she was seized with fever, and on recovery, a slight projection of the spine was discernible. Change of air was recommended by an eminent surgeon, which was resorted to, and she visited her kind relations at Woodbridge, where for a time she greatly improved in her appearance, but we have reason to believe the disorder was progressing, and the following spring she again had an attack of fever, which confined her to her bed. The thought of returning home an invalid, after an absence of nine months, was cause of much distress to her mind, but as soon as her health would permit of a removal she undertook the journey, under the kind care of her medical attendant, and bore it better than might have been expected. The complaint, by this time, had made so much progress, that a recumbent

position was considered necessary, yet, at first, she ventured down stairs during the day, until the fatigue of returning exhausted her so much as to alarm the family, and she was soon placed on the couch, which she scarcely left during the remainder of her life, a period of nearly a year and three-quarters. At the last meeting she attended, previously to this attack, she had the following portion of Scripture impressively brought before the view of her mind, "I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction." This introduced her into great conflict and trial, fully apprehending that a still more severe state of suffering awaited her, and she found it difficult to bow in resignation to what the Lord had manifested to be his will concerning her.

The progress of the disorder soon confirmed her in the opinion that her illness would be lingering, and she felt deep conflict of mind, from the consideration, that she was not only incapacitated for domestic usefulness, but required the attention of those who stood in need of her aid. While thus tried, He who is touched with the feeling of our infirmities, graciously appeared unto her as her merciful Redeemer, saying in effect unto her, in the solemn language of Scripture, "The cup which my heavenly Father hath given me shall I not drink it." This was a visitation she long remembered, and her mind was made willing to receive it with sweet feelings of resignation to the divine will, under the impression whereof she was for a long season permitted to lie down as by the still waters, being sensibly relieved from the weight of the important work of her soul's salvation, as

he who had thus condescended to visit her, had taken it upon himself.

The dear invalid used to be generally cheerful, and when well enough, enjoyed the company of her friends. She frequently amused herself with knitting, reading, or writing; though, finding the latter fatigue her, she made comparatively little use of the pencil. She suffered much during the early part of her illness from the application of caustic issues to the projecting part; and as her constant position of lying both night and day was on the back, these otherwise severe remedies were rendered doubly distressing; and, although her couch would rise and fall with great facility, it was but seldom she felt well enough to have any alteration made. She observed that, on first taking to a recumbent posture, resignation seemed given her, but that afterwards she often found it necessary fervently to pray for divine support.

The trial of confinement was softened by the kindness of her friends, whose frequent calls, presents, loan of books, &c. afforded her mind at times much relief. She was a great admirer of flowers, and with these, during the season, they almost constantly supplied her. She felt very grateful for their attention, said she was wonderfully provided for every way; and thought if her illness had been of no other use, it had tended to increase our love to those who had shewn her so much kindness; observing, that "love was the badge of discipleship." The state of her mind about this time may be gathered from a few of her own memorandums which follow:—

6 mo. 4th, 1829.—I have now been ill nearly three months, most of which time I have spent in a recumbent position. I think I never before suffered so much; but He, who in infinite wisdom appointed the stroke, has been pleased to grant resignation, when I have been ready to conclude that the furnace was heated seven times hotter than it was wont to be heated, and I felt the application of these words: "The cup which my heavenly Father has prepared, shall I not drink it?" since which, resignation hath from season to season been renewed, that my soul can speak well of his name.

6 mo. 5th.—Should this be the last memorandum I ever write, I would celebrate the goodness of my Redeemer, and pray that in his unutterable mercy He may, in his own time, take me into one of his many mansions. I desire to be very thankful for an interval of ease afforded by an all-merciful Redeemer, at whose feet I cast myself, and beg for patience and resignation to bear what He sees right to inflict.

7 mo. 5th.—I desire, should I be restored to health, to remember the bitter pain I have experienced. O health is an invaluable blessing, when duly appreciated! May I be kept by the power of God, that my life may be spent to the praise of my Redeemer! He hath given me a sight of great holiness—may I attain unto it!

8 mo.—I have experienced that vain is the help of man (however high his attainments), to comfort and relieve us when under the chastening hand of God. Surely if the Lord had not been on my side, I had

fainted in my afflictions. O may I sink deeper and deeper into Christ, and all within me centre in '*Thy will be done!*'

9 mo. 8th.—I have not written much during my confinement to my couch, but have been desirous that I may not love in word only but in deed and in truth. I find daily and hourly need of support, so that I may bear my heavy affliction with patience.

9 mo. 24th.—I have been much better in my health till within the last three days, and yesterday and to-day I have been sweetly comforted with the presence of my gracious Redeemer, who appeared to permit me to hide my face as in his holy bosom.

10 mo. 2nd.—I was yesterday much affected in reflecting that I had been home six months, during which time I have received help, comfort, and support from my precious Redeemer.

Had an acceptable visit from dear ———, who sweetly expressed her belief that it was not in anger that my heavenly Father had afflicted me, but in mercy; reviving in my remembrance the language, "whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." O may my blessed experience be, that from these heavy afflictions I may be made a partaker of the holiness of my adorable and all-merciful Redeemer.

12 mo. 18th.—It is my earnest desire, O my Redeemer! and I trust my prayer, that thou wilt give me patience and resignation to bear with fortitude all trials that still await me. O be, I pray thee, with me, and keep me from anxiety as to the future; finding, as I



do, that by it my present strength is diminished. I would be thine, a little plant growing by thy side, therefore flourishing. O keep, I pray, from all murmuring and discontented thoughts, and enable me, whilst here, to celebrate thy holy name, and hereafter to join the redeemed in ascribing to our heavenly Father, glory, honor, thanksgiving and praise, through thee our precious Advocate.

Until about the third month of this year (1830) we had entertained the hope that, although the disorder with which our beloved sister was afflicted might prove lingering, she would ultimately be restored to health; but at this time increased indisposition and fever alarmed us for the consequences, and further medical advice was called in, which only tended to confirm our fears. She did not enquire the opinion of the physicians, but at a subsequent period told us that she had read it in our countenances as well as by our silence: to her the prospect of an early dismissal from the trials of time was exceeding joyful, yet she was very desirous not to feel impatient at her continuance here.

About this time the darling child of very intimate friends being suddenly seized with indisposition, dear Rachel's feelings were considerably excited, and she frequently endeavoured to alleviate her sufferings (which were great) by sympathizing messages suited to her tender years. On the 21st of 5 mo. the disorder under which her little friend laboured turned upon the bowels, and about the same time our dear sister was seized with an attack of a similar nature; the means resorted to

afforded relief to the latter, but failed with regard to the dear child, who expired the same evening. When informed of the event, she bore it with great composure ; and after the funeral said, she had entertained the hope that dear Eliza and herself might have been together committed to the silent tomb.

One evening, perusing the account of a young person who had undergone much suffering, she wept ; and remarked, it would not do for her to read it as it affected her too much. After becoming more composed, and lying a little while still, said, " it is through much tribulation that the righteous enter the kingdom," observing how greatly she admired those lines, repeating the whole in an impressive manner—

Who are these arrayed in white,  
Brighter than the noon-tide sun ?

Foremost of the sons of light ;

Nearest the eternal throne ?

These are they who bore the cross,

Nobly for their Master stood ;

Sufferers in his righteous cause ;

Followers of the Lamb of God.

Out of great distress they came :

Washed their robes by faith below,

In the blood of yonder Lamb ;

Blood that washes white as snow :

Therefore are they next the throne—

Serve their Master day and night ;

God resides among his own—

God doth in his saints delight.

More than conquerers at last ;  
Here they find their trials o'er—  
They have all their sufferings past,  
Hunger now and thirst no more :  
No excessive heat they feel  
From the sun's directer ray ;  
In a milder clime they dwell,  
Region of eternal day.

He that on the throne doth reign,  
Them the Lamb shall always feed ;  
With the Tree of Life sustain,  
To the living fountains lead :  
He shall all their sorrows chase,  
All their wants at once remove ;  
Wipe the tears from every face ;  
Fill up every soul with love.

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At another time, whilst part of the family were at Meeting, she requested one of her sisters to read from Taylor's 'Maternal Solicitude'—the 7th Chapter was chosen: "A great multitude, which no man could number." She remarked, Oh! how delightful to think of all meeting in heaven! is it not astonishing that so many should choose the broad way? To which her sister replied, that the very many snares and temptations that beset at every step the path of life rendered it difficult to escape. Dear Rachel said, she did not think it so difficult, when once the mind was made willing to serve the Lord, but that the half Christian's was a most unhappy state; that she had tried it, and knew it to be so, remembering the time when she had thought it right to give up in faithfulness to this or that little intimation of duty, and had refused to comply, from the fear that if she did, greater requirings would be the result; but which she now fully believed were the insinuations of Satan, to make the pilgrimage Zionward the more difficult; but that he was a liar from the beginning, and would continue so to the end. At another time it was insinuated to her mind, doubtless by the same adversary, that the cross of Christ was heavier than she would be able to bear; and so was it magnified in her view, that could she have believed that annihilation instead of everlasting punishment to the disobedient followed death, she would have given up the conflict: but what, said she, would my feelings be now, were that my present prospect, instead of everlasting happiness. A chapter from her Cousin P. Thompson's Remem-

brancer, "The Believer's only Hope," having been read to her, she expressed her admiration of it, adding, how encouraging are the declarations in this Chapter, in allusion to the important and essential blessing to which it refers—the doctrine of the atonement;—and said, how delightful is the idea to my mind (or words to that effect) that the Lord was pleased to send his angel with a song of joyful news to mankind, made known to the shepherds whilst watching their flocks, "Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people, for unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." And in contemplating the sufferings of the dear Redeemer, she had felt how certain it was that he would not have endured the ignominy and shame he did, but for the redemption of man; so that those who are looking to him for salvation, may be assured of his love and mercy, and that he will not forsake them on a dying bed, for he hath purchased them with the price of his own blood. Still the little flock of Christ is often permitted to undergo feelings of deep humiliation and tribulation, but the Lord is pleased to appoint such dispensations for the spiritual benefit of all those who are exercised thereby. Continuing, what a comfort is religion at such a time as this, when the poor mind has nothing else to cling to: to me it would be a great favour to be taken, yet it is an awful thing to die, an awful thing to appear before God; but we may remember it is not in our own righteousness we have to trust, but in "Christ, who is the Lord our righteousness."

Speaking one evening of her departure, she said, although she was so willing to leave her dearest friends, that she believed she had never loved them more; and on her mother's coming in at the time, she addressed her as she often did, My precious Mother; and after remaining awhile in silence, began from Cowper :

“ Heal us, Immanuel, here we are,  
Waiting to feel thy touch ;

which, being finished by her mother, she requested some lines from her sister, and taking up the concluding stanza, repeated,

“ Let then thought hold sweet communion,  
“ Let us breathe the constant prayer,  
“ Till in Heaven's eternal union,  
“ O, my friend, to meet thee there.”

Continuing, how sweet the thought of meeting our friends, and those whom we loved on earth, in heaven ; but paramount to all, is the thought of seeing the dear Saviour, through whose love we receive the palm of victory.

A friend coming in, she remarked to him she had many comforts, indeed every thing she could wish; and such an unwearied and cheerful nurse in her beloved mother : that to her it had been a merciful illness, and though very fatiguing to her relatives, yet it had been the means of their spending much time sweetly together; and on her sister observing to the friend before alluded

to, how much her mother in particular would miss her, she replied, that having seen how dear ——— had been supported in the loss of an only daughter, she felt persuaded her dear mother would be supported also.

8 mo. 14th, 1830.—Her mother, in one of her memorandums, writes: my precious Rachel has of late seemed low, having been deprived of the sensible presence of Israel's Shepherd: she remarked to-day she never felt more the importance of making preparation in time of health, for she had nothing of her own to lean upon; and in reference to those who refuse the offers of divine mercy, quoted from Young—

“No patron, Intercessor none.”

8 mo. 19th.—She continued low in mind, and said she hoped she had not deceived herself, and wished to recur to first principles, and, as it were, to begin her religion over again; desiring if any thing were wrong it might be discovered to her. Some friends calling, and an allusion being made to a possibility of her recovery, she seemed much affected, and weeping, said, she thought a few days back she had come to resignation, and felt a willingness to recover; but after so long an affliction, the near prospect of a joyful eternity afforded her such happiness, that it now appeared difficult to bring her mind to it.

8 mo. 27th.—The beginning of this week, after a season of much poverty of spirit, she seemed revived by the recollection of the language of the Psalmist, “I waited patiently for the Lord,” &c. The following day she was

very comfortable, and had this language of the Saviour brought to her remembrance, "I say not unto you, that I will pray the Father for you, for the Father himself loveth you because ye have loved me, and believed that I came out from God." On her sister's reading a quotation from Isaiah, "Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given, his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace, and of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end." She repeated it after her, and remarked how astonishing that any one could imbibe principles of infidelity, who had the privilege of reading or hearing the Scriptures.

9 mo.—Having a return of the complaint in her bowels, the dear invalid intimated her apprehension that she could not last long if the disorder continued, and said what a mercy it would be to be released, desiring her mother not to grieve, but to remember how happy she should be, adding, I think we shall soon meet again; and on its being observed to her that she had had many lonely hours, she replied, and many mercies too, but some require more to refine them than others. From this severe attack she partially recovered, and for two or three months no particular alteration appeared to take place in her health; at times there seemed some diminution of strength, but as she never rose from the couch, even this was not very perceptible. Although she became less able to engage in her usual employments, it was instructive to observe that the



patience and calmness which had been so strikingly apparent in the commencement of her illness, were mercifully continued to her. The thoughts of passing another winter on the couch, as stated in one of her memorandums, occasioned, at times, some depression, but this was lessened by an unexpected and very acceptable visit from an aunt to whom she was much attached, and during her stay, our sister's health appeared better than usual. As before observed, she did not incline to make much use of the pencil during the latter part of her illness, so that but few memorandums have been found bearing recent date: From the following the state of her mind may be a little gathered.

9 mo. 4th.—O God, thou art my God, I have trusted in thee, and am not confounded. Thou knowest the depth of the suffering and hidden conflicts of my soul, and how long they shall continue. I feel at times assured that thou wilt support me through them. May it be to the glory of thy grace, O Lord my Redeemer.

9 mo. 25th.—The approach of another winter, and the probability of my continuance here and spending it upon my couch, have contributed much to depress me, being also deprived of the sensible presence of Him whose presence giveth life—it giveth understanding to the simple. O may I be one who simply desires to do and suffer the Saviour's will.

The following appear to be her last memoranda :

12 mo. 2nd.—How time rolls on : it is indeed wonder-

ful; I may set up my Ebenezer, and say, hitherto hath the Lord helped me.

“O to grace how great a debtor.”

When shall I have more faith to trust him, who in the midst of affliction remembers mercy.

12 mo.—Am very low this morning, feeling like a cumberer of the ground. Oh, if this be the case as to the body, may my spiritual state be different; may I have faith to believe that I shall be mercifully cared for by Him who gave himself for me, and who has so abundantly supplied all my wants, even from my birth to the present moment.

First day evening, 12 mo. 19th.—After passing the evening much as usual and her brother having spent some time in reading to her, she was suddenly attacked with violent pain, which led her to suppose she should not continue through the night: she was much affected at the thought of what she might suffer during the last conflict, entreating those around her to pray for her, saying, the nearer my end approaches, the more I feel how awful it is to die! Her near relatives standing round her couch, she took them each separately, and clasping her feeble arms around them, bid them affectionately farewell, exclaiming, the Lord bless you. Then addressing her medical attendant, thanked him for his great attention and kindness during her protracted illness; and turning to the servant, spoke to her in a very feeling and impressive manner. After which, lying still for some time, and breathing with difficulty, seemed

quietly waiting for the time of her departure, her countenance beaming with heavenly sweetness, and her hands clasping those of her beloved relatives. Some very intimate friends, who had been sent for on the occasion, coming in, she spoke to them of the seriousness of her situation, desiring all around her not to weep but to be thankful, should she be taken without farther suffering, frequently saying, O how thankful you should be on my account if favoured now to depart, and not seeing her dearly beloved Mother, said, where is my precious Mother? who, advancing closer, she seemed satisfied, and said, let us remain quiet, I have no pain now. After a solemn silence—O how happy I feel; pray that I may have an easy dismissal, if it be the divine will,—she then sweetly, but with a faltering voice, repeated,

“ Jesus can make a dying bed

“ Seem soft as downy pillows are;

“ Whilst on his breast I lean my head,

“ And breathe my life out sweetly there.”

After a farther pause, reviving a little, she emphatically said, “ That they may behold my glory;” then requested the chapter containing the text to be read, John xvii. which was accordingly done. The cordials which had been repeatedly administered by her medical attendant greatly revived her, and she so far recovered, that by her own particular request her friends left her.

12 mo. 22d.—This evening a faintness, similar to that which accompanied the attack on first day evening, was experienced; like means being used, she again revived, and shortly after repeated from Hebrews, “ For

ye are not come to the mount that might be touched," &c. concluding, "but to Jesus the mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than that of Abel," distinctly repeating the intermediate verses. During the night, on one of her sisters handing her some refreshment, she said, how thankful I ought to be, and, I trust, am, that I have every thing so bountifully provided for me; and asking for the Bible, opened it on the words "And the Lord gave unto Israel all the land which he swore to give," &c. &c. Josh. xxi. 43. with a delighted and expressive countenance exclaimed, that has been my experience, ~~not~~ <sup>none</sup> has failed; continuing, the song of praise cannot be finished in time, it requires an eternity to celebrate it. How wonderful to reflect on what the Saviour suffered; to think that he should take my sins upon himself, and that when he expired upon the Cross, my salvation was accomplished. The nearer I approach death, the more I see of his amazing love, exclaiming wonderful! wonderful!! wonderful!!! At another time she said, she remembered being at a friend's house, when —— addressed the company, and the following language of Scripture forcibly impressed her mind: "The Lord will be their dwelling place in all generations;" this, she thought, was a most gracious promise, extending not to some periods and nations only, but to the righteous of all generations.

The low and humble views she entertained of herself, and of the subject of merit in the work of redemption, led her frequently to express the anxiety she felt to

avoid receiving praise for any thing she had done, or for the patience with which she had been so much favoured during her confinement, saying, "I am nothing, Christ is all."

Reading in the evening from the 9th chapter of Matthew, "Can the children of the bride-chamber fast while the bridegroom is with them, but the days will come, in the which the bridegroom shall be taken away, then shall they fast in those days;" she replied, yes, we spiritually fast in the absence of the beloved; and adverting to part of the 8th chap., where Christ rebuketh the storm, and to the astonishment expressed by his disciples, she observed, it is no less surprising when he calms the troubled mind, which may be compared to a ship at sea, covered with waves and tossed, and which we can no more quiet, than the disciples could the storm, till the Saviour is pleased to appear. Although, at this time, she felt some depression, occasioned, she thought, partly from the fever, and partly from the unwearied attacks of the enemy to cast her down, yet she was able to bear testimony to the goodness of the Lord, by saying that much of the time she had spent on her couch had been filled up with comfortable and happy feelings, and that she now only wanted to gain her old place at the feet of the Saviour, though sometimes favored to rest on his bosom, or at his side.

She esteemed it a great favour that when, at times, apparently so near her end, her mind had been sweetly composed, and in no wise disturbed with fearful apprehensions for the safety of her soul; exclaiming,

Oh! how can those support such an hour as this, who do not believe, and rely on the merits of a Saviour. As it regards myself, I can say, he has taken all my sins upon him, and removed those fears which had distressed me in the prospect of the last conflict; adding, she now believed that this had been a temptation of Satan to disturb her mind, though, said she, I dare not wish I had suffered less, yet I should feel it a great favor if spared further conflict.

One evening, having obtained relief by the application of lotions, from a violent attack of pain in the head, accompanied with extreme heat, she said it was with great difficulty she had been enabled to support it; but, had felt comforted by the language passing through her mind, "Call upon me in the day of trouble and I will hear thee."

Her sister, standing by her couch one morning, watching her pallid, but peaceful countenance, she remarked that she felt better, and said, O! what a favor it is that I feel so calm at a time like this, and that the enemy is not permitted to throw any thing in my way; but this is not the effect of merit from any works of righteousness that I have done, but through adorable mercy, wonderful unmerited mercy! The more I think of my own unworthiness, the more I am astonished in being favoured to believe that I shall be saved; and if I am saved, none need despair! O how wonderful that I should be permitted to enter into such a glorious rest!—adding, when I am gone, I hope you will praise the Lord on my account. When speaking of her illness, she often

acknowledged it as a great mercy, that although the fever had so much affected her head, her senses had always been preserved to her.

26th.—Addressing her mother, she observed, I thought I should like to tell thee how happy I have felt this night; I do not now wonder at M. Jackson's expressions, under her deep affliction; for what signifies the loss of speech, or suffering of any kind, when so abundantly compensated by such heavenly feelings. Be thankful, dear mother, that thou wilt have one daughter safely landed: and alluding to the conflict she had endured the preceding 4th day evening, remarked, that if she had not passed through that, she might not have had such feelings of gratitude raised in her heart as she now experienced.

27th.—When relieved, in a degree, from distressing feelings, she said, it is the Lord's doing, praise Him in the heights and in the depths. It seemed said in me, "Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will hear thee, and thou shalt glorify me." I called upon him, and he has heard me; in all my conflicts, I have never lost my confidence, though I have been tried as to a hair's breadth.

At another time, when her brother had been reading from Olney Hymns, "The Lord will provide," she requested to hear again the stanza—

"His call we obey,  
"Like Abraham of old,  
'Not knowing our way,  
"But faith makes us bold."

and speaking in great admiration of it, said, it was the Christian's experience, and she could say it was hers—for it was "by faith she walked, not by sight."

Her mother remarking in the night, that the watchword to her at meeting appeared to be, "toil not, neither spin," but wait,—dear Rachel replied, that her mind had been also much impressed with the language in John, which she applied to herself, viz. "Beloved, if our heart condemn us, God is greater than our heart and knoweth all things: if our heart condemn us not, then have we confidence towards God;" adding, I never more deeply felt the value and necessity of the atonement, and of the importance of seeking an interest therein in time of health, than I now do; but what an unspeakable mercy it is, that the fear of death seems taken from me. She also expressed a hope that her friends would continue to remember her in their prayers, adding, that "the prayer of a righteous man availeth much."

To some near relatives who came to see her, she remarked, in the course of conversation, that a mere historical knowledge of Christ was insufficient, and endeavoured to impress on their minds, the necessity of working out the soul's salvation, with fear and trembling in time of health, and not to defer seeking an interest in the Saviour till laid on a sick bed; desiring, on her own account, to ascribe to him praise, honor, and glory, to whom alone it is due.

29th.—She remarked she had been, during the night, much tried in her mind, through not placing sufficient



confidence in the preserving power of the Lord; but she was favored to exercise faith, under the influence whereof she perceived it to be a temptation, when the words, "the accuser of the brethren," passing through her mind, she felt greatly relieved.

At another time, being observed to weep, on querying the cause, she replied, the pain and soreness were such that she was fearful of becoming impatient.

The general feeling of her mind, from this time, was that of peace—often saying, that she felt very happy, and that she could testify in allusion to the Lord's dealings with her, "Thou hast done all things well;" repeating "Oh! House of Israel, trust in the Lord, he is their help and their shield; O House of Aaron, trust in the Lord, he is their help and their shield;" with many expressions of great thankfulness to her Heavenly Father for his love and mercy towards her; and longing, when it should please him to say, it is enough, to enter into his everlasting rest.

12 mo. 31st.—I feel quiet and peaceful, as though the warfare were accomplished, and the victory gained; this is all the effect of my Saviour's love towards me,—none need despair, when one with a heart so opposed to that which is good, has found mercy. I thought last night, when very ill, what a favor it is to be brought to "Mount Sion, unto the City of the living God, and to Jesus, the Mediator of the New Covenant."

A kind friend calling, who had not seen her for some time, and whose feelings were considerably excited at witnessing her present increased debility, the patient sufferer

remarked after she had left the room, in reflecting on my illness, I do not know that I have felt it so heavy an affliction as dear —— supposes; we have been so wonderfully supported, and sweetly cared for, through all, which is cause of great thankfulness. On it being mentioned to her that the friend had expressed how much she had been instructed whilst sitting by her, and had felt that the same grace which supported her could support us, she replied, but it must be sought after.

She manifested, in many ways, the love and interest she felt for the spiritual welfare of her near relatives and friends.

1 mo. 4th. 1831.—To her mother she remarked, my mind is quiet, but I stand in need of constant support. I thought last night I was led by the still waters, and into the green pastures.

Being much fatigued with dressing, &c. she said, Oh what a change from a state like this, to that of a glorious immortality.

At another time.—This language has been brought to my remembrance, “How beautiful upon the mountain tops are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace, that bringeth good tidings of good.”

1 mo. 7th.—This morning, she expressed much thankfulness for having had a comfortable night, which she had not anticipated, from the uneasy state of her back; but after a while, these words impressed her mind, “Leave all to me;” upon which she observed, I left all, closed my eyes, and slept sweetly. In the evening of the same day, she seemed much to enjoy herself, and was very

cheerful; she remarked, we cannot sufficiently appreciate having an interest in Christ; O! the mercy and love of the Saviour are wonderful; I hope you will always praise him on my account when I am taken away. On her brother coming in, she said, I love my brother and sisters; and one remarking, she hoped she would pass a comfortable night, she replied, after such a one as the last, we ought to trust to the Lord.

At another time, to an intimate friend she observed, it is a season of great trial, but what a mercy it is that I have a rock to flee to; I thought I could say, with good old Simeon, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace according to thy word, for behold mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

On one of her sisters leaving her to visit a sick friend, who, during the long period of her illness, had shewn her unremitted kindness, she said, give my very dear love to her, and tell her it is a privilege to know that, "in all our afflictions, there is one that is afflicted, and the angel of his presence sustaineth us;" though she may not always so sensibly feel it as she could wish, yet I believe I may send her this message.

Her dear mother, remarking what a favor it was to have the mind so supported, she united with her by saying, it is all peace, all quiet; it reminds me of that passage of Scripture, "Thou wilt keep *him* in perfect peace *whose* mind is stayed on *thee*; because he trusteth in thee;" and afterwards added, "It is of the Lord's mercy that I am not consumed, because his compassions fail not."

During the evening, she observed, that the fol-

lowing lines had repeatedly revived in her remembrance:—

“ It says that I shall shortly be  
Enthroned with Him in yonder sky;  
O what a friend is Christ to me.”

To one of her sisters, who was taking leave of her for the night, she said, farewell, dear; thou must love the Lord and the Saviour, and then thou wilt be supported at such a time as this; and pray for me, that if it be the will of God I may have an easy passage. During the same night, she desired her love to be given to — and to —, and tell them I have been sweetly supported; they must press on, it is well worth all they may have to pass through: also to —, and tell her that the same power which supports in health and sickness will support in death, and that I would not have her discouraged; and, alluding to the remarks in a letter from —, said, they have been a great comfort to me. At another time, Do not let dear Mother grieve for me; be a comfort to her;—we can say, as our day is so is our strength also: O what a favor. In speaking of the invaluable blessing of the Holy Scriptures, she said, they appeared more than ever beautiful, and that the language in John had been most sweetly impressed on her mind, “Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God; and it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when he shall appear we shall be like him,” like Christ: adding, I seem as if I could see

him, as if he were by my couch, and I was resting my head upon his bosom, I am so sweetly supported. Wonderful! O what a favor! I ought to be thankful that Christ hath given me strength. Alluding to her sufferings, she said, every thing had been done that could be done to alleviate them, but that she had no doubt that sickness and disease were sent as warnings to us. As it regards myself, Christ has taken all my sins upon him; I have none laid to my charge. It seems said to me, the days of thy mourning are o'er, blessed and praised for ever be his Holy Name. Though I have been and am thus favored, I have known the judgments of the Lord for sin, with many trials and baptisms. She felt especially interested for the Meeting to which she belonged, and hoped it would be preserved, desiring her love, with little messages, to several of its members.

1 mo. 9th.—After suffering excruciating pain, on feeling easier, she said, O how thankful I ought to be; and observing her sister weep, said, do not cry, dear; I cannot help expressing how great my pain is; it seems a relief, but I do not wish to distress you. And on her Mother going to her a little after, and enquiring if she continued a little easier, she replied, quite easy. She saw several friends in the course of the day to whom she evinced great sweetness and placidity, and spoke of her illness and present situation to their admiration; she said also, that it had been a comfort to her that her couch had so often been surrounded by those who were not ashamed of the cross of Christ. A young friend, whose family had been particularly

kind, calling to see her, she seemed pleased, and expressed a hope that he might be preserved from the company of such as took speculative views of religion; observing, that after all they would find the need of the blood of Jesus to cleanse them from their sins.

2nd day, 10th.—This evening a much-valued friend called to see her, from whose instructive and sympathizing visits she had derived much consolation. After a time of silence, he sweetly revived in her remembrance the language of the Saviour, "The water that I shall give him, shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." After he had left, alluding to the feeling which had prevailed during the sitting, she observed, that she had never before experienced any thing so heavenly; and lifting up her hand, exclaimed, it was beautiful, beautiful, and a foretaste of what I am soon to enjoy; it reminds me of that language—"Behold I create new heavens and a new earth, for the old ones have passed away;" "thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ;" and further said, that a short passage in the Revelations had repeatedly passed through her mind, "And I heard the voice of harpers harping with their harps," which she was able to enter into the feeling of, requesting the chapter might be read, which was accordingly done.

4th day 12th, On awaking this morning she remarked to her sister, that she had had a dream, which she rather liked, saying, I thought the time was come for me to die, and that I was to endure a violent death; but at the moment of suffering I looked up at the Saviour, placed

my entire confidence in him, and though it appeared dreadful,—faith triumphed over every feeling, so that I was regardless of the pain. Her dream was indeed truly significant, proving to be a prelude to her death, which took place, under considerable suffering, the next day. Towards the middle of the same day ——— called to see her, and, as it proved, to take her last farewell. She was one to whom our dear sister felt particularly attached, and much liberty in communicating her religious feelings: they had spent many pleasant hours together in visiting the abodes of poverty; and dear Rachel had repeatedly remarked, that she believed their friendship had been formed under right influence, and would continue when the transitory things of time had passed away.

13th of 1st mo.—During the fore part of the night which terminated the sufferings of our beloved sister, she seemed very comfortable, and observed to the servant who sat up with her, that she could not describe how happy she felt; gave her a New Testament, which had latterly been her companion; commented upon its merits, and was for some time in earnest conversation with her, amongst other things remarking, that long before her illness she had not paid much regard to dress, but had endeavoured to keep in view the Scripture injunction—“ Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness,” continuing—thou seest all other things have been added.

About three o'clock she was attacked with violent pain in the bowels, and wished the family to be called. The means resorted to for relief proved un-

availing, but under all she was perfectly calm, and said—‘I am supported;—pray, pray, pray that patience may be continued unto me.’ The pain not abating, it was thought best that her brother should be sent for, who arrived between six and seven o’clock. He stood by her couch unperceived for some time, but when she saw him, she said—‘John, Oh the agony! I am in excruciating pain;’ yet so wonderfully was she supported, that even her countenance wore the same composure as when in a sweet sleep. She once more looked at her mother, and emphatically said—‘I feel the Saviour near.’ The pain continuing, she was raised a little, and for some time supported on the arm of her brother, in which attitude she remained, with her hands clasped as if in earnest prayer, until her peaceful spirit was released without a struggle at about half-past eight o’clock, and we doubt not is entered into that rest, which she so greatly longed after; through Him who died for our sins, and rose again for our justification. Her remains were interred at Bunhill Fields the 19th of the same month.

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The following Letter was written immediately after the decease of our dear sister, and having the liberty of thus giving it publicity, we venture to insert it, trusting it may prove acceptable to the reader, as being comparable to a transcript of her character.

“ MY DEAR —————

“ Conscious as I feel of my great inability for the exercise of the pen, under the peculiar circumstance of deep affliction which you are called to share in, yet I



will not call it a task to address thee at this moment of suffering. I suppose there are few subjects more importantly interesting to us individually, than our own mortality; and yet how seldom we feel willing to apply the subject personally, the saying being so universally applicable—‘all men think all men mortal but themselves;’ and this is the case with us even when death is sent to the members of our own household. It is so very unnatural to us to welcome such a messenger, that we are never of ourselves willing to receive him. But when, through unmerited mercy, the Lord is pleased to quicken us by his grace, and to stain our view of the glory of the world—to impress our minds with a feeling sense of the vanity of placing our affections on created objects—enabling us to set our affections on things above—then it is that we can at times contemplate the subject of our mortality, and even sweetly anticipate the period when this mortal shall put on *immortality*: and what a consolation, my dear——is it to you all, that the loss you are now called to bear, is the eternal gain of her who is ‘not lost but gone before.’ Thou wilt believe me, I am persuaded, that we feel very deeply for you—that we truly sympathize with you—comparing ourselves with the ‘mourners that go about the streets,’ but not like those who mourn without hope. The dear departed discovered wherever she went that she had been with Jesus; she was an eminent disciple; she loved her Lord because he first loved her; she loved the children of God, and by this shall all men know that ye are my disciples if ye love one another; she was one especially beloved of Christians of different denominations; she desired to

know no name;—but those who loved the Lord Jesus, she loved. My desire for you all, my dear ———, is, that the present visitation may prove deeply instructive to you, that you may be afresh encouraged to follow the Lord, beholding in the evidences which were exhibited in the whole character of your dear sister, an example of undisguised piety, patience, and resignation truly worthy of your imitation. Have you not discovered in her life, and especially in her death, ‘that the Lord is pleased generally to *connect good with good*,’ and that *being, in the way*, the Lord led her *on in the way* to everlasting life; the paramount desire of her soul was to follow that which is good; ‘and who is he that will harm us if we are followers of that which is good.’ We know by experience, and some by bitter experience, that ‘we cannot serve God and mammon;’ ‘for whilst we are *at home in the body*, we are *absent from the Lord*.’ May you all, my very dear ———, be of the blessed number of those who willingly ‘come out from amongst them’ (from the world,) in *all its delusive vanities*; for there are indeed, as you well know, many things on which vanity is inscribed, *and yet are not classed amongst those things which the world calls vanity*; but as we keep close to Him who discovers to us every *false way*, we shall be led more and more out from every thing which stands in our way to the Kingdom, and thus we shall ‘be preserved steadfast and immoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord.’

“Under renewed feelings of love and affection, I remain.”

## D I A R Y.

1st mo. 2nd. 1827.—“Great and marvellous is thy loving kindness, O Lord, therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wings.”

21st.—The deep feeling of poverty and baptism of spirit I have this day experienced is known only to Him to whose all-seeing eye the darkness is as the day.

3d mo.—What an unspeakable favour, that notwithstanding I have been deeply tried this week with a feeling of the absence of Him, whose presence is more precious than any thing this world has to offer, I should be again permitted to bow before Him, the Saviour. O may he preserve me from the darts of the enemy, and as the poor Prodigal may I be received into his Father's house, and permitted at last to dwell with Him. O if in adorable mercy that may be my infinitely happy experience, surely I shall loudly proclaim, that the glory, the honour, the praise and thanksgiving are due to Him for ever and ever, Amen and amen.

Although I feel very unworthy to take up my pen in this way, yet I am inclined to remark that I have of late been much confined from indisposition, through which I have been kindly and most affectionately waited on, by my endeared mother.—I have no expectation of repaying her, but may the Saviour continue to be unto

her "as the shadow of a mighty rock in a weary land." And may I be benefitted by my light afflictions, which are indeed but as for a moment. May I pray night and day for a thorough change of heart, without it what shall I do! Mighty Saviour be pleased, O be pleased to fit and prepare me for the awful moment that awaits me—O that I may not fix my affections on any thing short of Thee, and may I be much deeper in religion, more stable and watchful.

4 mo. 6th.—I have been much favored this morning in supplication. O may I subscribe to the name of the Lord, and ascribe greatness to our God, for He that is mighty has done for me great things.

5th mo. 21st.—My soul desires to bow low this morning before the Majesty on high, and to implore that He would be pleased to take me (one of the most unworthy) under his merciful care. That he would be pleased to destroy even the *stump* of Dagon, burning it with his holy fire, and enable me to continue to bless His great name, who is the Wonderful Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, and the Prince of Peace; of his Government in me may there never be an end! craves my soul at this time.

7th mo.—This day I was favoured with such a manifestation of my Saviour's love as I think I never before witnessed.

30th.—The two last days have been far from seasons of rejoicing to me.—O 'tis an awful thing to live and an awful thing to die—and if he, who is Lord of all, does not, in his infinite mercy, stretch over me the wing

of protection, I shall be like those that go down to the pit. O my Saviour what wouldst thou have me to do? I implore Thee that the grain of faith mercifully vouchsafed, may be revived and increased by Thee day by day, until the kingdom of this earth in my soul, becomes thy kingdom.

8th mo.—O Lord! send down thy light and thy truth, and break the galling yoke of Satan, the old adversary of our happiness, that thy kingdom may come, and thy will be done on earth as it is done in Heaven. Thou, Almighty God, shalt have the praise, who, with thy well-beloved Son, art worthy of all adoration, now and for ever.—Amen, saith my soul.

Lord God Almighty and eternal Saviour! being at this time greatly dismayed, I make application to Thee, as Thou hast said “Whatsoever ye ask in my name, ye shall receive.” I am bowed down on account of snares, doubts and temptations. I pour out my soul to Thee, the friend of sinners. O if so unworthy a creature may apply to Thee, “Give me of thy wisdom to discern between that which serveth Thee and that which serveth Thee not.” I have none in Heaven but Thee, nor in the earth that I desire in comparison of Thee. O send down thy light and thy truth, let them lead me, let them guide me to thy holy hill and to thy tabernacle for ever.

22d.—So numerous are my iniquities or weaknesses, that if in future I am favored with preservation, surely praises, high praises will arise; I feel as on a sea of dangers, but if I perish I trust it will be at the footstool

of Him who died for the vilest of sinners. O for a glimpse of his glorious countenance, whom my soul esteems indeed the chiefest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely.

12th mo. 18th.—Having been now nearly six weeks confined pretty much to the house, it might be supposed that I had laid up a store for the time to come; but I find nearly the same unwillingness to take up the cross as ever, and the same total incapacity to take one step aright. I must not lean to my own poor understanding, but cry mightily unto my God and Saviour, that he will give me wisdom to discern the living from the dead sacrifice. Then to Thee, thou Holy One, shall my feeble praise ascend

25th.—The deep distress of my soul this day is known only to Thee who art Almighty. I have been ready to cry, "Oh! that my sorrows were written with an iron pen and lead, in the rock for ever." The ear of Him who was wont to listen to my complaints, seems shut from my cry.—I have none other in Heaven or on earth to help me, that my sorrow is almost indescribable. O that He who gave sight to the blind formerly, would look with compassion on me. Look down, O Lord, in thy wonted mercy, and send into my soul thy healing balm. I do not ask for consolation so much as for *preservation*. O deny me not I beseech Thee, I implore Thee, thou Holy, Holy Redeemer.

12th mo. 31st.—This being the last day of the year, I have endeavoured to reflect how it has been spent; and I have to acknowledge, that though many have been my

transgressions, yet the everlasting arm has been wonderfully underneath to support in my trials. O may eternal praises be given to His holy name, world without end.

1st mo. 1, 1828. O the great importance of making our calling and election sure!

14th.—I have felt this morning renewedly desirous that I might be permitted to be a scholar in the school of Christ; that I might be an attentive and obedient child; and that I might give evidence of my love to Him by doing his will in all things. My own strength is perfect weakness; O that I may make application to Him who giveth liberally and upbraideth not.

2d mo. 12th.—This being my birth-day, I have supplicated the God of all consolation, my most precious and adorable Redeemer, that He will be my guide and leader during the ensuing year should I live, and should I never see another birth-day, that his design in giving me a being may be accomplished by his receiving me into his everlasting kingdom, to go no more out for ever.

2d mo. 15th.—O my Saviour, into thy hands I desire to commit my own soul, with the souls also of them for whom I am often bowed down in deep prostration. O Lord, send down help from thy Sanctuary, and strength out of Zion; cause them to come forth in thy power. O let not the fear of man keep them any longer back; send with thy right hand and save them. O that I had power to plead with Thee on the bended knee of my soul, I would entreat Thee to arise for their deliverance in that mercy which has been manifested for my help.

Wilt Thou strengthen them that they may grow and flourish as calves of the stall, Amen. May it be so, saith my soul.

3d mo.—I have of late, in some degree, experienced the fulfillment of an assertion of dear ———, in a religious opportunity at our house a few years since, when she exhorted the younger branches of our family “to come up higher and they should see the Bride, the Lamb’s wife,” which, with the eye of my mind, I have been enabled to do, according to my small measure. O had I since that time been decidedly devoted and faithful, how great had been my peace; but alas! I feared to trust myself in the hands of an all-merciful Saviour, lest he should require hard things of me. May none give heed to the tempter, as I have done, but rely in confidence on Him, who will not require any thing at our hands but what he will give ability to perform.

4th mo.—This is what is termed Good Friday. I awoke in the night and enjoyed about an hour and a half of sweet feeling, and if I may so designate it, fellowship with our blessed Lord in his sufferings in that awful and memorable season. O that we did more deeply and frequently dwell on the subject of his agony on the cross, and how he left his eternal throne. Surely it would convince us that something more is required than a mere profession of religion.

5th mo.—Yearly Meeting. I have to-day attended the large Committee, in which I was favored with near access to a throne of grace. O how do I desire that I



may be preserved near my Divine Master, not going before him nor staying too far behind.

6th mo. 2d.—In putting away my memoranda, I was inclined to make a little addition, feeling particularly under the fatherly care of Israel's Shepherd. O my soul is prostrated before Him, beseeching him to guard, guide, and protect me. O that my few remaining days may be spent more humbly before him, that his presence may attend me wherever I go, and that He may bring me at last to the city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.

11th.—Reached Woodbridge on a visit to my dear relations here; had a trying journey from indisposition.

12th.—Spent the day with my dear Cousin; had a very sweet religious opportunity in the evening. May I be humble enough sitting at the feet of my Saviour.

13th.—Called on two pious young women, (not members of our Society.) O that we each may be enabled to wait on the alone infallible teacher, that we may know our duty, and through the extendings of the help of the friend of sinners, be strengthened to perform it.

14th.—In the evening Meeting, dear ——— spake from the words, "Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness, leaning upon her Beloved," &c.—And I could, according to my small measure, call Christ my beloved, and lean on his bosom. *Happy state!*

I felt this morning in an awful frame of mind remembering much the situation of the mother of our

Lord. I long for more spirituality for myself in company, and am led sensibly to see the awfulness of having a being; indeed my feelings have been such that I cannot explain them; but Oh, I crave cleanness of hands and purity of heart, without which we cannot see the Lord.

Whilst taking a walk this morning, I was desirous of praising Him who created for man so many beauties in nature; the fields looked rich with the waving corn, and the variety of the foliage of the trees bespoke the great Creator's hand. The little birds even appeared to sing his praise. I longed for the period when sin and sorrow being no more, praises, high praises and hallelujahs will be ascribed to the Lord God, and to the Lamb for ever, by me the feeblest of his creatures.

I have thought of the words—" *Through whom alone we have access to the Father.*" O may I more and more see that it is indeed through the Saviour that we have access unto God the Father, and that I may present my petitions unto Him who was crucified for me.

Felt low this morning, though sweetly casting all my cares on him who, I am persuaded, careth for me. Oh how wonderful that he bears our sins and carries our sorrows.

Awoke early this morning, and looking at the beautifully rising sun, I desired to worship him who created it, but seemed to have little capacity for so doing.

" Vile, I to the fountain fly;  
Wash me, Saviour, or I die."

7th day.—Felt my many deficiencies, but what a favour that we have such a Saviour. In the afternoon through unwatchfulness stepped aside.

1st day.—Was sorry for my misstepping yesterday, but at meeting was permitted to feel as if the precious Redeemer washed my feet; and though, like Peter, I was ready to exclaim "Thou shalt never wash my feet," I was enabled to see what a favor it is that we have One who is willing to wash and sanctify us. And after dear —— had appeared in supplication, I felt like an infant sweetly resting in its mother's arms.

" No watchful parent's melting breast  
Yearns like thy God's to make thee blest."

But, alas! afterwards entered into too much conversation, for which I now feel condemnation, and beg of my neglected and grieved Saviour that he will again wash me and make me white. May I prostrate myself before him, and pray for greater watchfulness.

3d mo. 2nd.—Woodbridge monthly meeting. It was a very low time to me, and the language—" Ephraim hath joined himself to idols; let him alone;" was much on my mind.

6th day.—Very low. O may I sink deeper and deeper within, which will strengthen me against things of a trifling tendency. None know my sorrow, may I not say distress, of soul, since 4th day; but if it has been profitable, I do not regret it.

7th day.—O that I may be directed to my alone sure guide and helper, that He may be pleased to keep me

from falling, and that my soul and body may often be deeply prostrate before Him; and may He be pleased more and more to reveal himself to me, as an all-sufficient and merciful Saviour. This evening, my dear cousin ———, in a little quiet sitting with me, quoted very sweetly these Scripture passages:—"Open thy mouth wide and I will fill it." "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in my house, and prove me now herewith saith the Lord of Hosts, if I will not open to you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it." It was a great comfort to me, and I do desire to open my whole soul, and to rely on my Almighty helper to enable me to be altogether what he would have me to be.

3rd day.—Spent the morning unprofitably, by being intent on a trifle, so as almost to exclude better things, for which I felt sorrow, and am desirous that the recollection of it may tend to make me more careful in future. In the evening took a walk, and earnestly begged for preservation.

4th.—Spent a praying morning, and in the evening also supplicated for myself and my friends. O that we may be united in Christ.

7th day.—Brought to the close of another week, and I have sorrowfully to remark, that I have not this day had my indwelling in God; but a kind of dwelling on the surface of things, which I have greatly to regret, and the image of my adorable Saviour appears as if pierced

with a crown of thorns. How needful is watchfulness.

Fourth day, 9th mo. 18.—This evening I have been at the Bible Meeting, and was much interested in hearing a young man, I suppose not exceeding twenty years of age, (in high life), speak very remarkably. He appears to count all loss in comparison of the knowledge of Jesus our Lord. O that I may endeavour to follow him in doing the little which is required at my hand. May he with myself be favored with preservation.

Felt extremely low in the morning, though a little comforted by the words—"Ye are they who have continued with me in my temptations;" and the words also of "*great glory*," seemed impressed on my mind.

Going to my dear aunt's to breakfast. May the Redeemer go with me and preserve me, and may I thank Him for all His mercies.

O that this day may be profitably spent. In the morning felt my precious mother near in spirit. May our union in Christ be deeper and deeper.

This morning I felt sorrowful, and was permitted to supplicate vocally for help, and to pour out my tears and complaints before the Lord Jehovah; begging His protection whilst here, that at last I may, through the all-atoning blood of my Saviour, join the ransomed and redeemed in praising and adoring him for ever.

This has been a singular afternoon to me. I do not know how I stand. O that my eyes may be enlightened to behold what is yet lacking, that I may

know and perform the will of Him who is, I trust, my Lord and Master, and not the will of the prince of this world, who rules in the hearts of the children of disobedience. What a life is the Christian's. What fears—perplexing fears!

5th Day.—A dull meeting: I was much tried with deep inward poverty, and I remembered the situation of the poor disciples, when our holy Redeemer queried, "Cannot ye watch with me one hour?"

7th Day.—What an evening and night have I passed through; surely it is impossible for me to describe the distress and dismay of my soul; let it rest in my own bosom; though I was in some degree relieved in the morning by mentioning it to ——— when she queried if I had been tried? truly it was to a hair's breadth: if the Redeemer's power may but be exalted in me, I do not regret it. In the evening felt a little of the burden removed from the recollection of these words—

" I'll praise my Maker while I've breath,  
And when my tongue is cold in death,  
Praise shall employ my nobler powers."

Which was all I wanted, and the temptation was gradually removed.

1st Day.—At meeting was sweetly relieved and comforted by the presence of Him who giveth joy and peace in believing, and I was enabled to petition for my nearest relatives, that they, with myself, might be of the number of those who worship the " Father in spirit and in truth."

4th day.—Was much tried in the morning,—when the words seemed applied—“Fear not little flock,” which were consoling. In the afternoon got off my guard, and when my usual time of retirement arrived, was not so prepared as I could have wished to approach Him, who is the healer of breaches and the restorer of paths to walk in; but blessed be his holy name he did not send me empty away.

5th day.—Whilst walking this morning my mind was affected by the revival of the language, “God is a refuge for us;” and for the last few days I have more than ever seen the necessity of Him for a refuge. O that mine may be in Him.

7th day.—O that I may be preserved in thought, word, and deed. Although I have not been sufficiently watchful, I can say, that my compassionate Redeemer has done for me exceeding abundantly.

1st day.—I felt this morning sweetly united to my dear family, and my precious mother in a particular manner; desiring that the gathering arm of Israel’s Shepherd might be sweetly stretched over her, and that He who has been her morning light would be her evening Song.

5th day.—Very gloomy inwardly and outwardly, that the query was raised, “Hath the Lord forgotten to be gracious?” O that He would be pleased to remember me in mercy. In our religious sitting this evening, Cousin —— expressed these words as having comforted her mind, “Then shall we know, if we follow on to know

the Lord, his going forth is prepared as the morning," &c. &c.

11th mo. 10th.—Felt tried and depressed; but in the evening, when presenting myself before my Saviour, He sweetly owned me, and brought to my remembrance these consoling words, "Fear not, for I am with thee; I will help thee, yea, I will strengthen and uphold thee."

12mo. 6th.—This day I have endeavoured to pray for more patience and resignation: I can tell the Saviour my sorrows; for though he dwelleth on high, yet He hath respect unto the lowly.

I felt, in Meeting, a little of the meaning of being baptised with Christ; and in the evening He was pleased to arise, and I prostrated myself before Him. I feel that all of myself is from beneath, and earnestly long to have the Divine image renewed in my mind. O that He would be pleased to enlighten my darkness, and to make me to know an overcoming through His atoning blood. Amen and Amen saith my sorrowful soul.

This is what is called Christmas Eve. I have been talking with dear ——— respecting my illness in the spring; and in the recollection of what has transpired since that time, I may say the Lord has led me by a way that I knew not. O how has He helped me since the last year! Eternal and everlasting praises be given to the only-begotten Son of God, through whose blood alone we can have redemption. I have been more deeply instructed in this truth during this year, and may I more and more ascribe unto Him the praise: may all



that is of the creature be laid in the dust, and the glorious power of Christ exalted over all.

12th mo. 27th.—I have this morning desired that, having, I humbly trust, received Christ Jesus the Lord, I may look wholly to Him, being fully persuaded He hath all power to work in me both to will, and to do, of His own good pleasure.

O may I earnestly implore help to dig deeper: may I not be too much discouraged at the view of my great depravity by nature. Of myself I can do no good thing. May I then be more on the watch, that when He cometh, who is the chiefest among ten thousand and altogether lovely, I may be found waiting.

I desire to be under the teaching and keeping of Christ, my infallible guide and director. O that I were no more prone to wander from Him, than He is to withdraw his loving kindness from me, and from every other of his dependent little ones, amongst which happy number I humbly trust I may be classed.

O that Thou wouldst, O Lord, make me humble, watchful, meek, and lowly, before Thee, my adorable Saviour.

Prayer seems not to enter the thick clouds which veil the Saviour from my sight: to feel his presence how delightful—to enjoy Him for ever, beyond description desirable. O that I might be favored so to walk as to be accounted worthy to obtain so great salvation.

Since, O Lord, I am about to leave this place, (Woodbridge), perhaps for ever, I desire to commemorate Thy boundless goodness in that Thou 'hast been

with me, and enabled me in some degree to shew forth Thy power. O Lord, I beseech Thee continue with me to the end of time, that when my day's work is finished, I may, through Thy unmerited mercy, be clothed in Thy righteousness, and join the innumerable assembly and Church of the First-Born, in ascribing unto thee all praise, honour, thanksgiving, and renown, throughout the endless ages of eternity. Amen and Amen.

## EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

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MY DEAR ———,

“This is the last day in 1827; whether we shall be living at this time next year is known only to Him who holds life and death at His disposal, and can give and take away, as is best in His holy sight. Pray for me my dear ———, that if permitted to see another year, it may only be to do much more diligently my Saviour’s will, than I have in this that is nearly over. His mercy is wonderful, and His compassion to His people boundless. Alas! what returns do we make.”

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MY DEAR ———,

“I take the pen to thank thee for thy very acceptable letter; it was pleasant to hear you had been so much favoured. We ought to desire that fruits agreeably thereto may be produced, which can alone be by watchfulness unto prayer. Indeed, I think at the present time, the injunction is almost more than ever necessary, ‘Watch and pray, and that continually;’ for when off the watch, how are we weak as other men. I think even more so, for against those who at times strive, the

enemy seems to raise his strongest batteries. May we be so highly favored as to have our loins girded and our lamps burning, that should the Saviour be pleased to come, we may be ready to meet him."

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In a letter to ———, after adverting to her ill state of health, she says, "I desire to leave it altogether, and to trust myself and all that I have in His holy hand, who has done for me exceeding abundantly. I had, when very ill, such a view of the Celestial City, and of the happiness and security of those arrived there, that my soul shrunk with dismay and sorrow when I found I must return to the world. My spirit seemed to congratulate dear ——— on her happy escape, and I felt to hold sweet communion with her. Had I died in that illness, I might have been accepted in the Beloved; but I found there was more work for me to do, at the thought of which my soul at times shrinks within me, and deep dismay seizes me, because I am so very weak and unstable. O that I may trust Him, who has raised me up and supported me thus far, that He will finally bring me through all, and land me on that blissful shore, where sorrow and sighing shall never come.—I have been of late led more to view the wonderful love of the Redeemer, in leaving His Throne and taking upon Him our nature and suffering as He did, bearing our weakness, and finally being crucified for us. O 'tis a theme in which I am lost in wonder!"

MY BELOVED ———,

“I hope I do at times feel thankful to Him who has provided abundantly for me, above all that I could ask or think, both spiritual and temporal blessings; and if at last we are favored to join the ransomed of all generations in lauding His holy name, who is for ever worthy, surely dear Mother’s largest desires for us will be accomplished, and we shall have cause to rejoice that we ever had a being. As regards myself, I have some times feared the contrary would be the case, but I trust this will not be the sorrowful experience of any one of us.”

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MY VERY DEAR ———,

“I read thy letter to ———, and was affected at the recital of the continued poverty of thy mind; and although incapable of expressing much, yet can say so far as this, that I believe it is a very safe state, and one into which those who are far advanced in the heavenly journey are often dipped. I expect we who are younger are more frequently permitted to behold his countenance, who is indeed fairer than the sons of men; lest our faith, being weak, should fail, and we return to those things which are not convenient.”

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DEAR ———,

“I expect my cousin has informed thee, that I continue very ill, and am quite confined to my couch, not leaving

it night or day: this is very different to being favored with health, and walking in the beautiful fields, where, whilst inhaling the fresh air, we may glorify the Creator in his works; but health and similar blessings may be possessed, and yet the heart remain a total stranger to Him, whom to know is life eternal. I do not write thus, thinking thou art one who art regardless of thy soul's welfare: I trust this is not the case; but that, with increasing earnestness, both thou and I shall strive to 'Lay aside every weight and the sin which does most easily beset,' looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith. Then it will little matter in the end whether our way has been through the furnace of affliction, or the more flowery paths of health and prosperity. What an unbounded favor, that when the Lord afflicts, He can, and does, at times, give resignation; and when He withholds it, 'tis doubtless to teach us, that in us, that is in our flesh, dwells no good thing."

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DEAR ———

"I was last evening re-perusing thy kind letter, and noticed a remark thou madest, that thou desirest to lay aside every weight and thy most easily-besetting sins: and I feel solicitous that thou mayest be in earnest, to seek for ability not only to discover what these are, but to pray for strength to overcome them. Nothing will be required of us but what is intended for our ultimate good, and the Lord will be honoured by our cleaving to Him. We need not be anxious to pre-

pare a sacrifice for Him; He will himself prepare it, and give ability to offer it. I can tell thee that He is worthy to be served and obeyed. I have suffered very much since I saw thee, but have found my blessed Redeemer near; and although at times He is pleased to hide his face, yet when he returns, he appears infinitely beautiful, and heals my wounded soul."

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MY BELOVED ———,

"I hope and believe that the blessed Redeemer's love and mercy will be more than formerly a theme of converse amongst friends. O, I am at times so impressed with a feeling of His boundless love to me, that I seem as if, let what would be said, it was not enough, but it remains true, 'Taste and see that the Lord is good,' for if we do not taste for ourselves, we cannot conceive the sweetness from the report of others. It is a great favor I have been so much better. Should the plan we now think of trying succeed, and I be favored to recover, I trust my time and strength may be devoted to the Lord Jesus, my Redeemer."

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MY BELOVED ———,

"My increased affliction has rendered me almost unable to write, or at least has deprived me so much of mental and bodily energy, as to render it a trouble; and letters written in this state are not likely to be pleasant or profitable. My dear Mother, on 6th day last, attended the interment of our dear and valued elder, J. E.; he

was buried at Winchmore-hill, where grandmother and aunts Mary Ann and Elizabeth lie: there was a large company of friends at the ground. — spoke beautifully, 'The victory is won.' It was a favoured season: —he is greatly lamented, and our poor Meeting will miss him much.

Thou wilt wish to know a little of the state of my mind: I may inform thee there has been no abounding of heavenly good, and often little ability to pray for it. There has been no abounding; 'tis well if there have been no going backward.—O pray for me, that that may NEVER, NEVER be my woful experience."

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MY DEAR FRIEND,

"I received thine on the fifth, and am pleased you have finished the Meeting-house. I hope it will be one in which 'many may be brought to the truth, that are now afar off; and those who are near be enabled to acknowledge the Redeemer's might.' I was led, during the course of yesterday, to contemplate the support with which I have been favoured in my very heavy affliction, and may thankfully acknowledge, that it has been more than I could have asked or thought.—The Lord is not a hard master, reaping where he has not sown, but very merciful to us-ward, and not willing that any should perish: 'tis doubtless this mercy, which makes him afflict us; seeing that 'in all our afflictions he is afflicted,' and that His holy presence is near for our support. The thought of this, and feeling at times His



boundless love, remembering also what the blessed Redeemer went through on our account, animates even our poor cold hearts to love Him, and to pray earnestly that He would graciously be pleased to make us holy, according to the words 'Be ye holy, for I am holy;' and again, 'Be ye perfect, even as my Father in heaven is perfect.' O for holiness, 'without which no man shall see the Lord.' Let us, my dear friend, that are behind, 'press towards the mark, for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.' We shall never have cause to repent seeking earnestly: as thou sayest, 'agonise to enter in.' It little matters what scoffs we meet with, if we have strong confidence in Christ, and 'have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us; which hope we have as an anchor to the soul both sure and stedfast.' O, my dear friend, may thou and I land safely on the other side Jordan, and in boundless happiness, sing of the love of our gracious and merciful Saviour. I long for the happy period, and desire to be preserved from the evil of the world till the time shall come, when I may be so favoured."

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MY DEAR FRIEND,

"Our family being gone to Meeting excepting myself, (who continue quite an invalid, being wholly confined to a recumbent posture,) I felt an inclination to address a few lines to thee, believing from the interviews I have had with thee, that thou art one who art in a good degree desirous of following thy Lord and Master

where he may be pleased to lead; and my heart salutes thee, and wishes thee God speed on thy heavenly journey; and, I pray that no difficulties that may arise, though at times comparable to mountains, may at all stop thy progress; remembering who it is that can make the 'mountains to skip like rams, and the little hills like lambs.' I can tell thee I know by my own experience, that he is a God hearing prayer, that he is just such a Saviour, Mediator and Redeemer, as we need: when we want counsel and direction, if we tell him as we would our dearest friend, he will work all things for us according to his own unerring will: it only requires that we give ourselves without reserve to him: he will support us in sickness and in health, and finally, when we have done with all the trials, and conflicts of time, having been washed and made white in the blood of the lamb, He will dress us in the beautiful robe of his righteousness, and present us pure before the throne to sing His praise for ever.

How this thought should animate us to persevere, and to despise the difficulties of the way. But there are seasons when we walk in darkness and see no light; at such times we are told to 'trust in the Lord, and stay our minds on God.' Indeed, I believe we are then quite as much under divine notice as at any time; although often unperceived by us. I hope thou wilt excuse the freedom of this letter, as I had nothing on my mind when I began but the first sentence.

Please to accept my love, with sincere desires for thy eternal welfare."

## MY DEAR FRIEND,

"I duly received thy letter (on what is termed the Lord's supper) to which, as I am averse to argument, especially on religious subjects, I can scarcely tell how to reply, my sentiments on that point being so different to thine. Thou sayst it is an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace; but my dear friend, if we are favoured to partake of the inward and spiritual grace, we consider the outward sign non-essential, believing that Christ finished all types when he expired upon the cross, and when the veil of the temple was rent in twain from the top to the bottom. I believe by far too much dependence is placed by many on this sign; such will find it of little avail in sickness or on the bed of death, that they have been regular partakers of the outward bread and wine, and will discover that a little of the living bread that comes down from heaven, is of more value to them than all outward types and ceremonies. Not that I in anywise judge or condemn thee for taking it, as thou thinkest it right; and I hope thou wilt grant the same liberty of conscience to me.

I am still quite an invalid and much shut out from the world, but I may thankfully acknowledge that my lonely moments have often been cheered by Him, whose presence giveth life. I like thy little prayer for me, 'that I may be guided into all truth'; it is what I desire; and to be so closely kept by my holy and glorious Redeemer as clearly to discern his voice from that of the stranger. This I conceive to be a great attainment, and only to be experienced by a close attention to the

spirit of truth, which Christ declared should lead into all truth. Is it not an unspeakable favor that he is thus pleased so abundantly to supply our wants? I can add my little testimony to His unutterable goodness and mercy; and say that He is worthy to be served, honored, and obeyed, and that by the whole house of Israel."

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MY DEAR FRIEND,

"Increased indisposition has prevented my making much use of the pencil to address my friends; but, as I feel better, I thought I would tell thee I have not forgotten thee, and trust thou art still earnestly pursuing the things that make for peace, even those that accompany salvation. I have found during my heavy affliction, that continued application is requisite to a throne of grace, for patience and resignation to bear it in a suitable manner; and I find Christ supplies out of His fulness. The Holy Redeemer has abundant stores for all our wants, either in sickness or in health, and although he is pleased to try us at times with great poverty of spirit, 'tis needful for us, or we might join in with spiritual pride, as if by our own power we did these things. O how we need keeping every minute. I am sure I find it so, even excluded as I am from the world, being wholly confined up stairs to my couch; so that I can testify to the truth of that Scripture, 'A man's foes are they of his own household.'"

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MY BELOVED ———,

“The thought of writing to thee after so long a silence, and when I did not expect again to be able to address thee in this manner, is very affecting; but having a little inclination, I am desirous to attempt it. I believe, my beloved cousin, the feeling of near affection and sympathy for each other has not diminished but increased, during this time of (shall I not say) fiery trial. The Saviour knows the depth of it, and glory be to His holy name, He has been mercifully pleased measurably to support under it, and at times to ‘give the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.’ Thy communications with that of dear cousin ——— (sent long since) have been truly acceptable, and peculiarly appropriate. I cannot say whether I am really better or worse; and how the disorder may terminate is entirely, at present, hidden from me. I desire to petition for resignation either way, although to depart and to be with Christ seems far more desirable than a longer continuance here.”











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